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s positively proven by the immense good i has done to those who have been cured of diseases from which they have suffered in-tensely for years, as verified by the publish-ed testimonials, every one of which is a pos-

CHELSEA, VT., Feb. 24, 1879.

MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.: The 6th day of last June I was taken sick with a swelling on my right foot, and with an awful pain. The swelling went all over me. My face was swelled so that I could with difficulty see out of my eyes, and I broke out over the whole surface of my body; my right foot up to my knee was one raw, itching mass, and my ankle and foot so lame and sore I could not step on it, and it would run sore I could not step on it, and it would run so as to wet a bandage through in an hour. In this condition Mr. W. F. Hood (of the firm of A. R. Hood & Son, druggists, of this town), handed me a bottle of Hood's SARSAPARIL LA. and told me to take it. I did so, and by I.A. and told me to take it. I did so, and b the time I had taken one bottle I found tha Dottles my soreness began to leave me, and I have been growing better every day, so that to-day I can walk without going lame. I have no soreness in my ankle and it has ealed all up, and does not run at all. I owe my recovery to your Sarsaparilla. I write this to let you know that I think it deserves the confidence of the public, especially those who are troubled with humors.

P. S. Every person that saw me said that I never would get over my lameness without having a running sore on my ankle; but

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liciting orders for Marble Work in my name do so ithout authority, as I have no traveling agents nor

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AT PEACE.

Strew on her roses, roses, And never a spray of yew ! In quiet she reposes: Ah! would that I did, too!

Her mirth the world required. She bathed it in smiles of glee But her heart was tired, tired, And now they let her be. Her life was turning, turning, In mazes of heat and sound:

But for peace her soul was yearning

And now peace laps her round, Her cabin'd, ample spirit, It flutter'd and failed for breath To-night it doth inherit

The vasty hall of death. AUTUMN WOODS.

Mountains bending. Steep ascending, Clad in colors bright and blending Windy woodlands-never ending, Plaming floods on every slope;

Fiery blushes, Tawny flushes; God is in the burning busher And the vision on us rushes Like the rosy heights of hope!

Crimson, yellow, Misty, mellow; How the forests bow and billow Maple, ash and oak and willow Shed the trophies of the year; Thus we render

All our splendor, Leaf by leaf in sad surrender, Pomp and pride and pleasure tender. When our days are in the sear Down they shiver!

Quake and quiver! On the swift and silent river, Where the current glides forever To the wide and winding sea! Sifting, sowing, Drifting, blowing; Now they're floating-gally going, Like the lives of men a-flowing To the life that is to be.

A QUAKER SERMON. It was the first-day meeting,

And the group of gathered folk

Sat touched by the hush of a voiceless spell; No sound the silence broke. Until, in her place on the woman's side, With a sweet and tender face

That bore the pure and peaceful sign

Of the inward spirit's grace, That was laid on her heart to say-The word that the gathered people

Were waiting that sunny day. "Sister Tabitha all to pieces My best china tea-pot broke, But I kept my soul in patience, Nor a word of anger spoke."

That was all: and down with the supshine The silence again fell sweet. Till the elder people gave the sign That the service was complete.

Do you say that hour was wasted? That the sermon was trivial, vain Textless, devoid of logic, Unthrilled by one elequent strain

Not so; for that gospel is sweetest That is won through life's fret and its pain, That softens the jar of its friction,

And lightens the stress of its strain. And the love that is over the erring, The peace untouched by surprise,

The quiet that keeps its sweetest patience, Are dear in the Master's eyes. While many a rhetorician Might learn from this homily brief

A truth that the wearied people Would hail as a glad relief-That the lesson is most enduring

Close to life's practical lines. And not the length but the fitness The heart of the hearer inclines.

Find the thought in the first day word. That the least of our trials and triumphs Has a worth in the sight of our Lord.

dumpling is not half done." Wife-"Well finish it, then, my dear."

There is now great rivalry between Leadville and Deadwood to see which city raises the most money to send mis sionaries to the heathen.

Grandpa-"Now, Tommy, can you tell me where port comes from?" Tommy-"No, sir; but I know where it goes to." doubts." The question is not pressed.

They met, they smiled, they wept, they loved, he called her Jane, she called him Thomas-a richer man rode down the lane, and Tom brought suit for breach of

A Middlebury young lady just home from boarding school, on being told by the servant that they had no gooseberries,

An Albany barber having a very intemperate man to shave on Sunday, begged him to keep his mouth shut, as it was a punishable offense to open a rum hole on

A man can't stand everything. A Milwaukee man who was knocked down by a stone in the toe of a stocking, says what maddened him most was that the stockings wasn't clean.

A citizen of Leadville took his shot gun and pursued to the mountains the coro ner's jury which censured him for stabbing a man. It doesn't do to trifle with

the feelings of a citizen of Leadville. A poet asks: "When I am dead and lowly laid, . . . And clods fall heavy from the spade, who'll think of me?" Don't worry. Tailors and shoe-makers have retentive memories, and you'll not

be forgotten. A pickpocket, who had been ducked for his malpractices, accounted to his brethren for the derangement in his appearance, by coolly observing that he had not

been able to change his dress since his return from a celebrated watering place. Nasby takes pride in the service of his

father and grandfather, in one way and another. As for himself, he says: "My own military record is clear. In the laterebellion I served my substitute. I furnished three substitutes, all of whom today are in good health-in Canada."

A minister was questioning his Sunday school concerning the story of Eutychus ed." the young man who, listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep. and falling down, was taken up dead. ing a low, suppressed, wailing cry bent "What," said he, "do you learn from this: very solemn event?" when the reply from a little girl came very pat and prompt, "Please, sir, ministers should learn not to turbulance of feeling that her friend bepreach too long sermons."

Sweethearts and Wives.

A sober, half discontented face at the window: a bright face in the street. The window is thrown open and a smile goes from the bright face to the sober one, giving it a new and pleasant aspect. Both faces are young-the one at the window the youngest-almost childlike. Yet the window face is the face of a wife, and the street face that

of a maiden, "fancy free." "How strangely I was deceived, Bella!" said the lady in the street.

"Deceived, how Mary? What do you mean? But come in. You're just the one I wish to see." "I was sure I saw you not ten min-

utes ago, riding out with Harry," said the young friend, as they met and embraced at the door.

"Oh, dear, no! I haven't been out riding with Harry for a month."

"Indeed, how's that I can remember when you rode out together almost every afternoon." "Yes, but that was before our mar-

riage." replied the young wife, in a voice that made her friend look into her face narrowly.

more thought for business," remarked her friend. The little wife tossed her head and shrugged her shoulders in a doubtful way, saying as she did so, "I don't

know about the business! but lovers and husbands are a different species of the genus homo. The explanation lies somewhere in this direction, I presume." "Ah, Bella, Bella! That speech doesn't come with a musical sound from

your lips," remarked the friend smiling. yet serious. Truth is not always melodious," said

"How is it as to sweethearts and wives?" asked the friend. "Do they

belong to the same class?' The question appeared to reach the young wife's ears with suggestive force. Her face was a little changed as she

"I don't know. Perhaps not." The friend had been scanning the young wife for some moments from head to foot, in a way that now elicted the

"Do you see anything peculiar about

"Yes," was answered.

"What?" "A peculiar untidiness that I never observed in the sweetheart."

Bella glanced down at her soiled ruffled dress. "My neglige," she said, with a little,

short laugh. "So I should think! Now, shall

draw your picture ?" "Yes, if you have an artist's fancy." "Here it is. Hair lustreless and untidy; skin dull for want of action and feeling; wrapper better conditioned for the washtub and ironing table than as a garment for the fair person of a young wife; no collar nor ornament of any kind, and a countenance-well. I can't give that as I saw it a little while ago

Bella felt the reproof of her friend as | ing, therefore, that she was in the parwas evident by the spots that began to lor, came to the door and stood there.

burn on her cheeks. "You wouldn't have me dress as for a party every day ?" she said.

"Oh, no! But I'd have you neat and sweet as a young wife should always be. that is if she cared for the fond eyes of exclaimed, "Why, what has happened to her husband. I verily believe it was Harry I saw riding out a little while

Bella threw a quick startled look upon her friend who already half regretted ber closing sentence.

"Why did you say that? What did you mean ?" she asked.

"I only said it to plague you." answered the friend.

"To plague me!" There was an expression in Bella's face that Mary had never seen there before. Her eyes had on her forehead.

fully her state of mind.

heart shook in her voice.

doubted the fact a moment until I saw you at the window a little while ago." "Did you notice the lady particu-

"No; but let the matter pass, dear. | queen of hearts again ! No doubt I was mistaken. It is worrying you more than I could have imagin-

Bella looked at her friend for some moments, in a strange way; then givforward and laid her face on her bosom, sobbing and shuddering in such wild came actually alarmed.

"You have frightened me!" said the young wife, lifting her head at last, as the excitement died away. "Ah, Mary, the cold, half indifferent husband, Har-

if I should lose my husband's love it would kill me." "Then, Bella," answered her friend, see to it that you neglect none of the means required for keeping it. If you | pride would continue to be loved, you must not grow unlovely. The charms that won your husband must not be folded up and kept for holiday occasions and a lily." then put on for other eyes than his. You must keep them ever displayed before him : nay, put on new attractions. Is not the husband even dearer than the lover, and his heart better worth the holding? Look back, my dear friend, over the brief moons that have waxed and waned since you were a bride. Put yourself on trial, take impartial testimony. How has it been? Has your temper been as sweet as when you sat leaning together in the summer twilight, talking of the love crowned future? Have you been as studious to please as then? as careful of his feelings? as regardful of his tastes? Do you adorn yourself for him now as when you dress-"The husband has less time for recre- are as lovable as when you were a maid-

ed for his coming then? As a wife you ation than the lover. He must give en? Love is not a chameleon to feed on air and change in every hue of condition; it must have substantial food. Deprived of this and it languishes and dies. And now, dear I have warned you. Meet your husband when he returns home this evening, looking as lovely as when he came to you in your father's house, attracted as the bee is to

> you when he came home yesterday?" "Husbands soon lose their inclination for kissing," she answered. "If the wife remains as attractive as

the flower, and note the manner in which

his face will brighten up. Did he kiss

the maiden, never." "Oh, you don't know anything about

After the friends said good afternoon the young wife went to her room and cried for a good quarter of an hour. Then she commenced doing as the friend had suggested. Refreshed by a bath, she attired herselt in a spotless white wrapper with a delicate blue belt binding her waist. A small lace collar, edged and tied with parrow azure riblike throat, and just below, at the swell of the blossom, was an exquisitely cut oval pin. Her hair, a rich golden brown, had been made glossy as the wing of a bird, and was folded just enough away from the temples to show their delicate cutting. Two open rosebuds-red and white-nestled above and in front of one of her pearl tinted

ears. She did look lovely and lovable as her mirror told her. usual in coming home. Bella was sitting in the parlor when he came in, waiting for his return with a new feeling in her heart-a feeling of blending fear and hope; fear lest he was actually becoming estranged from her and a Jersey, Indiana, West Virginia, Florida trembling hope to win him back again. and California, are more or less doubtat the window; but I am sure it wasn't His step was not very light. She no- ful. the face to charm a lover. Perhaps it ticed that, for her ear had become newmight suit a husband. But I have my ly sensitive. He had caught a glimpse of her through the window and know-

> "Bless me !" he exclaimed, after moment "how charming you look !" And he came forward, with a pleased

smile on his face, and taking her hand bent down and kissed her. "Blooming as a rose!" he added.

holding her away from him, and gazing at her admiringly. How her heart did beat with new delight! "Dressed for company?"

There was just a little shade of coldness in Harry's voice, as he suggested the probable reason for her singularly

improved appearance. "Yes," replied Bella.

"Who ?" "My husband!" There was a tender, heart-flutter in her voice.

Harry was a little puzzled, but greatsuddenly grown of a darker shade and ly pleased. It was true that he had were eager and questioning. Her lips been riding out that afternoon with a lay closer together; there were lines lady-a handsome, attractive woman, who was throwing around his weak, al-"You are not really in earnest, Mary, most boyish spirit a syren's facination. about seeing Harry riding out with a She put on every charm in her power to lady this afternoon?" she said in a summon; while the foolish wife was voice and with a look that revealed hiding hers away, and taking no pains to hold dominion in the heart she had The color had left her face and her won, and was now in danger of losing. Five minutes before the companion of "I was probably mistaken, Bella. re- his ride appeared to his fancy so charmplied the friend; though I had not ing in comparison with his wife, that he felt no pleasure at the thought of meeting one who, since their marriage. had seemed to grow every day less and less attractive. But now, Bella was his

> "And you really dressed to receive me, darling!" he said, as he kissed her again, and then drew his arm lovingly about her waist.

"Yes, for you. Could a true wife wish to look lovlier to other eves than er husband's ?" "I should think not." he answered.

She understood, in the words, more than he meant to comvev.

There was a rose tint in everything REBEL CLAIMS. in Bella's home that evening. From

turned her eyes upon him, did she catch a look of tender admiration or loving cratic paper containing strictures upon "What made you so charming tonight?" he said, as he kissed her once

ry was transformed to the warm, atten-

tive lover. How many times, as she

"Love for my husband," she answered, and then in a tear, in which joy's sunlight made a rainhow, stole out from the drooping lashes, and lay a crystal

more. "You look as pure and sweet as

drop on her cheek. She made no confession of her thoughless neglect or the means by which hearts are held in thrall to love, though her husband half guessed at the fact that something had awakened her to

On the next afternoon Harry rode out with a lady again; but the lady was his wife. He was never afterwards in danger of being won away by faithful love, for Bella grew in his eyes more attractive, more charming, more lovable every day. And she thus saved him, in his younger and less stable years, from being drawn aside from the right way, and both herself and him from years of wretchedness

THE NEXT SENATE.

The term of 24 Senators expire on

the 4th of next March, and of their suc-

cessors five have already been chosen Burnside in Rhode Island, Garfield in Ohio, Gorman in Maryland, Mahone in Virginia and George in Mississippi. Garfield, a Republican, is chosen to succeed Thurman, a Democrat, in Ohio. and in Mississippi, George, a Democrat, succeed Bruce, a Republican. These two changes neutralize each other, and in each of the other three States the it," said Bella. "Wait until you are Senators elect is of the same party as the present Senator. The other Senators whose terms expire with the present Congress are Booth of California, Bayard of Delaware, Bailey of Tennessee, Cameron of Wisconsin, Cockrell of Missouri, Dawes of Massachusetts, Eaton of Connecticut, Edmunds of Vermont, Hamlin of Maine, Hereford of West scarcely whiter than her pure neck, New York, Maxey of Texas, McDonald is received. We suppress names for the of Indiana, McMillan of Minnesota, safety of the writer and her family : bon, was turned away from her swan- Paddoek of Nebraska, Randolph of New Jersey, Sharon of Nevada, and Wallace of Pennsylvania. Of the 19 States which have to elect Senators, eight can be counted on with confidence to elect Republicans ; Maine Massachusetts, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Nebraska and Nevada. Maine is sometimes reckoned among the doubtful States, and possibly there may be some excuse for so reckoning it, so far as the State ticket is concerned, but of Harry was left an hour later than the political complexion of the Legislature no tolerably well informed person has the least doubt. Four of the 19 States, Delaware, Tennessee and Texas, are sure to elect Democratic Senators, and seven, Connecticut, New York, New

> Of these doubtful States the outgoing Senators are all Democrats except Booth of California. In order to secure a majority of the Senate it is necessary to retain California and replace a Democrat by a Republican in four of the other States. It is highly probable that this can be done in New York and Connecticut, not at all improbable in Indiana and New Jersey, and possibly in Florida. It is so unlikely in West Virginia that that State ought scarcely to be classed as doubtful for this purpose Political changes in the Senate are made slowly. While the whole House of Representatives is renewed every two years, only one-third of the Senate is subject to biennial changes. The House became Democratic in 1875, but the Senate retained its Republican majority until 1879. To restore it to Republican control after only one term of Dem- proposed to make an examination themocratic supremacy would have been a greater success than could have been expected a year ago, but it seems fairly within the reasonable probabilities now.

- Worcester Spy. The microscope shows a variation in the thickness of human hair from one two-hundredth part of an inch, but notwithstanding such fineness, each hair is a massive cable when compared with some other fibers. The thread of the silkworm, for instance, is from one seventeen-hundredth to one two-thousandth of an inch thick. Even this, however, is far surpassed in slenderness by the spider's thread, which has been found in some cases to be no more than one thirty-thousandths of an inch in diameter. The fibers yielded by the vegetable kingdom are also of astonishing minuteness. Every fiber of flax is found to be composed of a bundle of other fibers, which are about one twenty-five-hundredths of an inch in thickness. Similar fibers from the pineapple plant have been ascertained to be no more than one five-thousandth, or even one seven-thonsandth of an inch in di-

MR. EDMUNDS ON THE

Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, has sent the following letter to the editor of the Mason (Mich.) News, whose editor had forwarded to him a copy of a demoone of his speeches during the late State

BURLINGTON, Vt., Aug. 30, 1880. To V. J. Teft, Esq. Mason, Mich.: DEAR SIR,-Yours of the 18th came just as I was going out of town. I fear the editor of the Grand Rapids Democrat is not very hungry to find out exactly what the fourth section of the fourteenth amendment covers in point of law. The rebel claims referred to are not claims of rebels for aiding the rebellion, but for property, amounting altogether to hundreds and probably thousands of millions, taken or destroyed by armies of the United States, and therefore the moment the test of loyality of any claimant is repealed, the claim of the rebel stands exactly like the claim of any other citizen against the government on account of its action, and not on account of the action of the rebel authorities. The democrats in Congress have tried time after time to repeal this distinction in respect of claims of loyal and disloyal persons, and they have bills now pend, ing in the Senate to effect that object. and they will effect it by a solid or nearly solid democratic vote the moment they get possession of all the departments of the government. As to rebel pensions the editor of the Democrat, if he will reflect a little, will, I am sure, agree that a pension does not in any case fall within the description of "any debt or obligation," and if so, it is not within the prohibition of the fourteenth amendment. A pension is and always has been granted upon the ground of bounty or gratitude, and not of legal obligation. It is perfectly clear, therefore, that the constitution does not stand in the way of Congress pensioning every children, or, indeed, every other rebel.

if it pleases. I will not reciprocate the letter. epithets of this worthy editor.

GEORGE F. EDMUNDS. For the Monitor

Very truly yours,

LETTER FROM KENTUCKY. Having received a letter from a lady, formerly of this vicinity, who now is the wife of a clergyman in Kentucky, we wrote her asking if she would write a few letters for the Monitor, giving the the ignorant Tennessee "corn-cracker." true state of affairs in that section of Virginia, Jones of Florida, Kernan of the "solid South." The following letter

> Kentucky, Sept. 3, 1880. Mr. Editor: Your favor is received and read with pleasure. 'In reply to your enquiries in regard to the state of society and the condition of affairs in this section. I will answer by giving you an account of our experience with the Kentucky banditti, known here as "Regulators." We had been holding religious services in -, a part of our charge, and were enwife. On Saturday evening a festival was held for the benefit of the church. Not being able to attend the evening's entertainment, I retired early with the children. About 11 o'clock my husband returned with the members of the family and I was awakened by the friends and invited to rise and partake of some of the ice-cream. I was obliged to refuse the invitation, and soon fell asleep. Soon after, perhaps an hour. I was aroused by the heavy tramping of men in the house and in our room. The lamps were burning dimly and I saw that the room was filled with a band of ruffianly men, all heavily armed with pistols and shot guns. They were loudly calling for Mr. ---, our kind host. They were a band of "regulators," who had come to seize or murder Mr. They came at the midnight hour, expecting to surprise him in bed and make him an easy victim. Mr. - and others had not retired, and when the rufflans knocked at the door he stepped out and bade them enter, asking them who they were and what was their business. "We are regulators and have come to seize Mr. Another gentleman who was present carried on conversation for a moment, while Mr. - escaped out of the front room, through the room in which we slept, and thence to the upper part of the house. Mistrusting that he might be secreted in our room, the "regulators" forcibly entered and demanded the owner of the house. Some one in another room called out, "There is no one in there but the minister and his family:" but they selves. They went to the bed where my husband was lying, and holding a revolyer at his head, asked him if he was Mr.

-. He answered that he was not. They then approached the bed in which I was lying with the two children and satisfied themselves that Mr. - was not concealed under the bed. They then went to another part of the house, but were soon called out by the captain, who was watching outside, and who apparently became frightened by some noise or commotion that he heard.

Instantly there was the sound of heavily loaded gun, the crashing of glass and great noise and confusion all about the premises. We comprehended the sitnation, and knew the house was attacked by "regulators." We sprang up, and putting on a part of our clothing, snatched the babies from the bed, expecting that a volley would be discharged at the house, and our lives put in great peril. I started for the door with my babies in my arms. but turned back to help Mrs. ---, our hostess, who was pale as death from fright, and who expected that her husband had been or might be murdered by the assasins. We managed to escape from the house and went some distance, when Mrs. - turned back, saving that she would go back and perish with her hushand if his life was taken. Her husband had then come out of his hiding place, and stood on the piazza, the "regulators"

house after the shot which he fired into them from the chamber. Hearing his wife say that she would return to the house, he cried, "Go on! go on quick!" We fled, thinking that he might defend himself and the house better with us away. We flew to a place of refuge and I secreted my babies in the chamber of a neighbor's house. From an open window we could hear Mr. - and a few friends

the idea that there was a formidable force about the house. After about two hours the "regulators' returned, but fearing they might be fired into, they made no attack. Just before daylight, having obtained reinforcements. they came again but did not approach near enough to get in range of the long gun or the revolver of Mr. ---. It turned out that there were about twenty-five in the gang, and whether any were injured by the shot fired into them or not we

who had gathered to assist him, pacing

the piazza and keeping up a din that was

calculated to impress the assassins with

did not learn. There was one ludicrous circumstance connected with this adventure that I cannot forbear to mention. When Mr. ran up stairs, he seized a very large gun which he loaded very heavily some time before, and stepping out on to a part of the piazza or house over the edge of the green-house fired into the band of assassins. The recoil of the gun knocked him lines.-Harper's Magazine. off the house and he fell crashing down through the green-house, making a noise that not only startled all within the house, but frightened the enemies so that they withdrew to a safe distance. Fortunate-

ly he was not seriously hurt. We sent to the house early in the mornng, and returned later to find Mr. who had so bravely defended his domicile, quietly sleeping amid a half a dozen revolvers and other weapons, ready to defend himself and his hearthstone if another occasion demanded it. If your readers enquire who the Kentucky "regulators" are, and why they sought the life of Mr

TOO WONDERFUL A JUMP.

The idea of a railway train leaping river like a fox-hunter's horse, "shooting" a chasm like a chamois, is no impertinence in certain of Rev. Edward Everett Hale's amusing extravaganzas: but Major Neely, civil engineer for the Cincinnati Central railroad contractors, credits the same fancy to The major was engaged in tunneling a mountain right on the back of the Cumberland river, said river now being spanned at that point by a fine bridge. though then there was no sign of the

One morning a cracker rowed across the river, and upon approaching the major the following colloquy ensued:

"Good morning." "You seem to be scatterin' dirt and gravel around here pretty peert."

"Mornin'."

the hill quite lively." "Who's payin' for all this fuss?"

"The city of Cincinnati."

"Well, yes. We are getting through

"Wall, it must cost a heap uv money What's it fer, anyhow?" The major thought he would enlight on the native, so he told him he was engaged in building a tunnel, and he further explained that it was cheaper to bore a hole through the mountain fo the cars to run through than to level it

or make a "cut" down the grade. The native took it all in, and then queried: "So the steam kyars is going to come right through this tunnel away north?" "Yes, that's just it," responded the

"Well, major, that's askin' too much for a man to believe," replied the cracker. I don't swallow it, no how you can fix it, that every time that 'ere iron hoss of yourn jumps across the river he's goin' to strike this little hole right squar' and fair. No, sir, I can't swallow it."

The major didn't try to make him.

CHICAGO GRAIN ELEVATORS

Their aggregate capacity is 16,840,-000 bushels; individual capacity from 90,000 to 2,000,000 bushels. They are in different parts of the city, but those at the disposal of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad give nearly one-third of the whole capacity. One of the newest of them, Armour Dole and Co.'s elevator "D," may taken as what it is the fashion to call "representative" elevator. It certainly is a very fine one, and should be seen by all inquiring visitors. It was begun in 1875, is 386 feet long, 100 feet wide and 145 feet high, required five million feet of lumber in its construction, and cost \$350,000. One can easily obtain permission to inspect it, and the super- express the gratitude I feel for the beneintendent will enlighten his ignorance, or increase and qualify his knowledge, as the case may be. He is conducted to a little "elevator" (here is this con- little girls who have never seen me walk. fusion of names again; it is what our English friends call a "lift"), and hoisted to the top floor. At one end he sees, swiftly passing over a shaft, largest belt in the United States, 280 feet in length, and eighty inches in width. Below him are great scales, and bins sixty feet deep. A fine and suggestive dust gradually covers his clothes as he listens to the polite cicerone, who is telling him that there are twenty-six standard Fairbanks scales in the building, and that they weigh so accurately mometer over 70.

having moved off some distance from the | that in an aggregate of six car-loads there was only a shortage of thirty pounds between "St. Joe" and Chicago. But "look out for the engine when the bell rings." A train has come in below full of grain in bulk. Into a car goes a great shute, or nozzel; somebody pulls a lever, and presto! away has gone that grain up into-a weighing bin, then down into another receptacle of profundity and security. It dawns on the observer's mind that one man's property is by no means kept separate from another man's. This grain is all graded by a State inspector; it is "weighed in" and "weighed out," and all that is needful is that the contents of each bin should be homogeneous. But here comes another train -empty cars to be filled for the East. Men wanted, with shovels, to laboriously handle the grain? Not at all. Down comes that shute again, boards are put across the doorways of the cars, and in one of them after another the grain runs up foot by foot. In less time than any one would think possible-a few minutes to each car-the train is entirely loaded, its doors are closed, and the engine is drawing it out again, to be de-

GENERAL GARFIELD.

livered to one of the Eastern trunk

HIS INTELLECT AND PERSONALITY AS DE-SCRIBED BY MARY CLEMMER IN THE INDEPENDENT.

One sometimes meets a man or woman in whom there appears to be material enough, personal and mental, to make half a dozen of the average sort. This impression one gets from General Garfield. The first consciousness is of his immense vitality. Had he less brain, he might make himself famous as a champion prize fighter. He is said to be six feet high; but looks shorter, from the breath and depth of his should ers and chest. The large nutrition of the vital temperament supplies his very large brain, making a powerful enginery as the physical basis of manhood and statesmanship. His type is pure Saxon, in itself sufficient to account for the

fictitious story of his German ancestry. His eyes are light blue, perceptive rather then deep, while harmony and strength combine in features and profile. He once called the attention of a friend to the fact that the most intel lectual men in the departments, as a class, were very deficient in "back head," a lack that never will be observed in himself. The depth of his head from the arch of the nose through, in its way, is quite tremendous; but the length from the top of the ear through the preceptive faculties is the most powerful mental characteristic of his head It has also great height from the ear to the moral organs. The reasoning faculties, not small, seem so only by comparison with the remarkable development of the rest of his head. Such a head sustained and driven by the motive forces of a powerful vital temperament, make the man what he is-a giant in

certain directions. Intellectually he is strongest in his perceptive faculties. To see, to know, to understand, through an extended range of vision; to retain what he knows, to use what he knows, in perfeet rhythm and order-his knowledge available at the swiftest call and at every opportunity; combined with his extreme cultivation, his love of sacred and classic story, his instinctive veneration for the good and great, his penetrating perception of the finer shades of character and feeling, his subtle tact in dealing with persons, his suave voice and affectionate manner-all make him a personal favorite in social life and with his political comrades.

The world wants more sunshine in its disposition, in its business, in its charities, in its theology. For ten thousand of the aches and pains and irritations of men and women we recommend sunshine. It soothes better than morphine. It stimulates better than champagne. It is the best plaster for a wound. The good Samaritan poured into the fallen traveler's gash more of this than of oil Florence Nightingale used it on the Crimean battle fields. Take it out into all the alleys, on board all the ships, by all the sick beds. Not a vial full, no a cup full, but a soul full. It is good for spleen, for liver complaint, for neuralgia, for rhumatism, for falling fortunes, for meloncholy.

"No words in the English language," writes a lady in Michigan, who is using the Compound Oxygen Treatment, "can fits I have received and the hope I have of possessing tolerable health again. It will be ten years, January, 1880, since I was taken sick, and the mental agony alone has been indescribable. I have two * * I think I shall be able to walk alone after a time. I have been so hungry this summer that I have scarcely been able to wait for meals. * * * Every one remarks upon the improvement in my complexion, and I am putting on flesh rapidly. My bowels, which have been constipated all my life, and terribly so since my sickness, are now better than I have ever known them to be." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature and action and full information for use, sent free. Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

An old thermometer is never very popular. Nobody wants to see a ther-